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A  
T R I P  
TO  
P A R N A S S U S;  
OR, THE  
J U D G M E N T O F A P O L L O  
ON  
D R A M A T I C A U T H O R S  
AND  
P E R F O R M E R S.  
A P O E M.

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*"Laugh where we must, be candid where we can."*

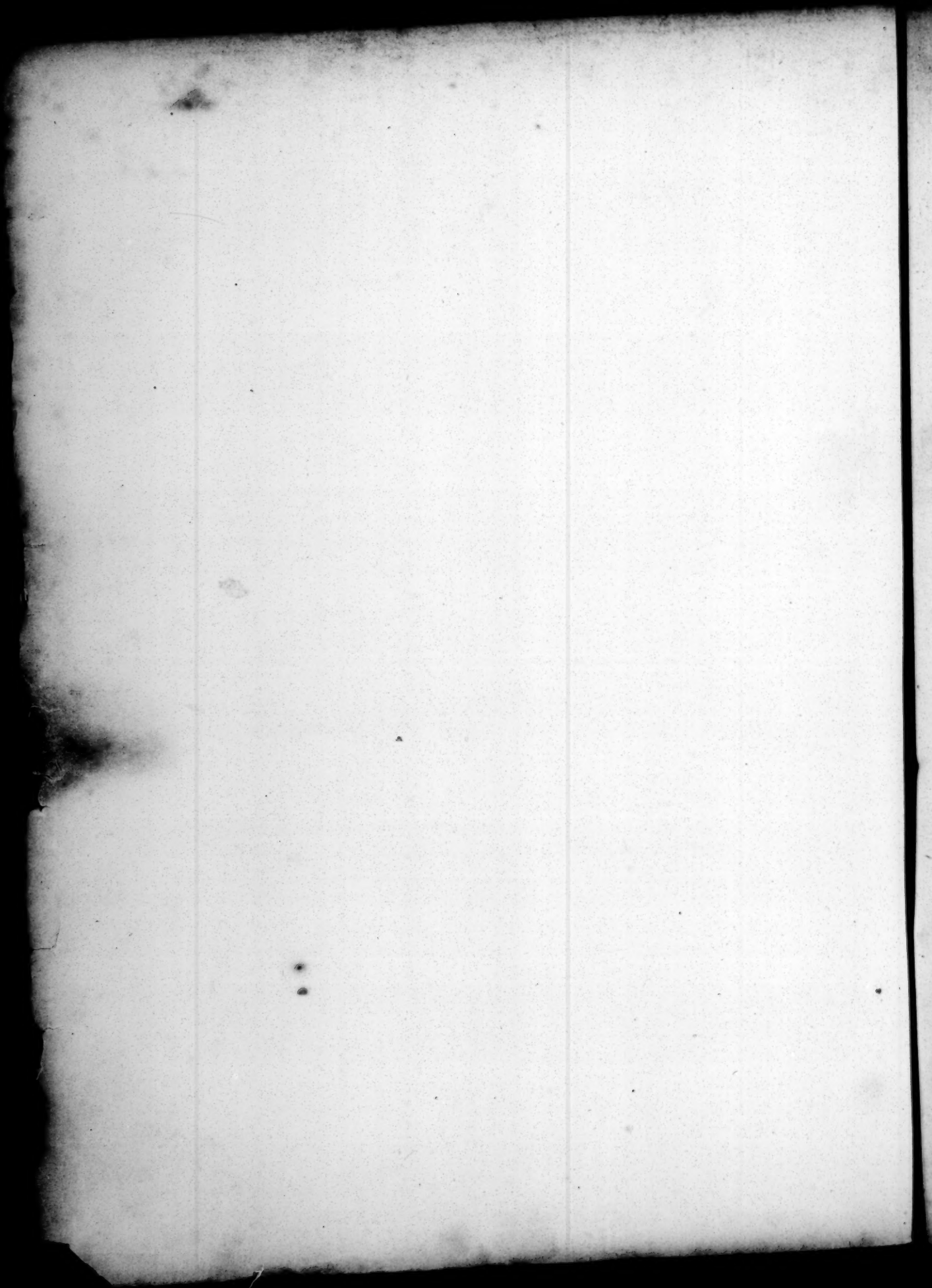
POPE.

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L O N D O N.

Printed by and for JOHN ABRAHAM, No. 3, St. Swithin's Lane, Lombard-Street; and sold by all  
other Booksellers, in Town and Country. 1788.

(Price Two-Shillings.)



To THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.

MANAGER OF THE THEATRE ROYAL,  
COVENT GARDEN.

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



TO THOMAS HARTIS ESQ

MANAGER OF THE THEATRE ROYAL  
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE Author of the following Poem, though she has so frankly given her opinion of the merit of the present Authors and Performers in the Theatrical line, has throughout the whole taken candour for her guide, and is entirely uninfluenced by private peak or personal partiality.*

*She has carefully avoided the steps of the Gentleman of the Temple,\* who not satisfied with speaking of them, merely in a public light, has wantonly exposed or traduced their private characters.*

*In the following pages they are considered only as public characters; as such, every person has a right to give his opinion concerning their merit or defects; as to their conduct in private life, it is what the Author has no authority to enquire into; she is sensible that every person of reflection may find sufficient employment in correcting their own errors, without prying into, and cruelly exposing those of their fellow-creatures.*

*She*

\* Author of the Children of Thespis.

*She is conscious that this want of detraction may be detrimental to the sale of her Poem. It gives her no uneasiness. She frankly confesses, however some may find amusement in hearing or repeating a tale of scandal, that it would be no gratification to her to gather emolument from a mangled reputation; since the character of either man or woman is of so delicate a nature, that a wound once given can never be entirely cured, or the remembrance of its anguish totally eradicated from a susceptible mind.*

## A TRIP

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A  
T R I P  
T O  
P A R N A S S U S.

---

**O**N a flower-deck'd bank, by the side of a stream,  
(For Poets by fountains do usually dream)  
Methought some one ask'd me to take an excursion  
To the hill of Parnassus, by way of diversion;  
I quickly assented, and thought 't would be fine  
To visit Apollo and all the gay Nine;  
Indeed I had oft ask'd Thalia's assistance,  
To shew me the way, as it lay at a distance:

C

But



But whene'er to my cot she a visit wou'd pay,  
 I'd so much to enquire and so short was her stay,  
 I cou'd never prevail, and the much-wish'd-for sleep  
 I ne'er had found out but for Fancy and Sleep.

When I came to the hill, I much wonder'd to see  
 A num'rous assemblage of ev'ry degree,  
 Who all were attending with great consternation  
 To one who was reading the God's proclamation:  
 It set forth, when Thalia of late had permission  
 Before great Apollo to lay a petition,  
 She complain'd of such ills as cou'd not be excus'd,  
 His altars defil'd, and his temples abus'd;  
 That many dull scribblers of late had pretended  
 By him to be patroniz'd, taught, and befriended;  
 While others without any genius engage,  
 And expose their own folly by treading the stage.  
 Now things being thus, the great King did express  
 A firm resolution her complaints to redress,  
 And fix'd on this day to declare from his throne  
 What genius he'd honour, what favourites own.

The

The hour being come, as Apollo drew near,  
 Some exulted with joy and some trembl'd with fear :  
 He ascended the throne, on the steps at his feet,  
 In due rank and order each Muse took her seat.

The first that advanc'd, without order or rule,  
 Was that *Tip Top* \* of taste, whose first born was a *Fool*.  
 Apollo, displeas'd, push'd the upstart away,  
 To make room for a man †, in his service grown grey,  
 Who, pourtraying the heart of a *Freeport*, has shown  
 The honour and virtue which glow in his own :  
 The Deity smil'd, and the Muses drew near  
 To welcome a brother they ever held dear.

The next ‡ that came forward, and modestly bow'd,  
 With the *Man of the World* and with *Love a-la-Mode*,  
 Was receiv'd with applause, and commanded to stand  
 By the side of the throne, on Apollo's right hand.

Next

\* Mr. Topham.    † Mr. Colman.    ‡ Mr. Macklin.

Next COWLEY approach'd, but Apollo look'd down,  
 While his features divine were deform'd by a frown :  
 " Hold, woman, (he cried) approach not too near,  
 " I dictate no line that can wound the chaste ear ;  
 " When your sex take the pen, it is shocking to find,  
 " From their writings, loose thoughts have a place in their mind."  
 Then call'd Innocence down from her roseate bowers,  
 To crown fair *Rosina* \* with ne'er-fading flowers.

Next SHERIDAN came, who so long has been known,  
 For erecting a *School* to reform the gay town,  
 Who with wit's keenest shaft shoots each folly that flies,  
 And ridicules vices we're taught to despise ;  
 Exposés the female, who will not refuse  
 To practise those faults she is wont to abuse,  
 Drives the foul Blatant Beast † from polite conversation,  
 And would banish deceit, for the good of the nation.

Apollo

\* Mrs. Brooks. † Scandal.



Apollo declar'd, he was always his friend,  
 That he honour'd his works, and his fame would defend,  
 Bade him oft take the pen, to instruct and improve,  
 Then crown'd him with bays as a mark of his love.

Next O'KEEFE and his favourite *Lingo* appears,  
 With laughter indulg'd, till she melts into tears.  
 Said Apollo, " You once was my favourite son,  
 " Thalia long time mark'd you out for her own,  
 " But you wrote with such haste, she her aid did withdraw,  
 " And you've dwindl'd at last to a *Je ne sai quoi*."

The next \* that appear'd was an old vet'ran's son,  
 Almost certain of favour, he held *Two to One*;  
 But I fear as he came, he'd been sent back again,  
 Had not *Yarico* pleaded, nor pleaded in vain;  
 So artless her manner, so modest her air,  
 That Apollo was pleas'd, and thus spoke to the Fair:

D

" Who

\* Mr. Colman, Junr.

" Who teaches humanity, all must approve,  
 " 'Tis a virtue men honour, and e'en the Gods love;  
 " Who inculcates this virtue must claim my regard,  
 " And the heart that's humane shall not want its reward."

At the foot of the throne fair \* *Cecilia* reclin'd,  
 While *Jacob* and *Bridget* stood gaping behind;  
 He raising her gently, encourag'd the fair,  
 And cried, " You my kindest protection shall share;  
 " For the woman who stoops, a fall'n sister to raise,  
 " Shall find her own temples encircl'd with bays."

I was greatly surpris'd, in the crowd to behold  
 A man with a truncheon in scarlet and gold,  
 He held by the hand, great applause to inherit,  
 An *Heirefs*, of infinite beauty and merit;  
 He wish'd to present her, but yet was afraid,  
 Left *Apollo* remember'd the *Boston Blockade*. †

The

\* Miss Lee. † Alluding to a piece, called by the above name, which was wrote  
 by General Burgoyne, and performed by his Officers, &c. at Boston, in New-England,  
 during the siege of that place.

With sev'ral productions, next CUMBERLAND came,  
 Expecting to find himself honour'd by Fame;  
 Apollo declar'd that his works wanted spirit,  
 That his *Country Attorney* was void of all merit;  
 Said, 'twas not his intention to honour with bays  
 A man who deserv'd neither censure or praise.

The next \* that came forward was bold *Robin Hood*,  
 Who undaunted awaiting his sentence had stood:  
 Said the God, " Round your brows a fair chaplet shall bloom;  
 " For the laurel you've planted on Goldsmith's lov'd tomb."

But now for a place in the fair lists of Fame,  
 Came the † *Baron Kink-van*--I can't think of his name;  
 When Modesty, seeing to what he aspir'd,  
 In surprise drew a veil o'er her face and retir'd,  
 And Apollo, resolv'd his presumption to quell,  
 To the regions below sent the *Baron* to dwell.

With

\* Mr. Macnally. † This piece, the production of Mr. Andrews, was very ill received on the first representation, but the manager suffered it to be performed three nights, that the author might reap some emolument; it was then consigned to oblivion and literally damned.



With a heart that most keenly each insult had felt,  
 Before his great Judge, bow'd the modest \* *Grevelt* ;  
 The God lov'd the man who from honour ne'er swerv'd,  
 And he gave to the *Soldier* the wreath he deserv'd.  
 Envy saw the distinction, with looks of despair,  
 And strove from his temples the laurel to tear ;  
 But his honour immortal for ever will bloom,  
 And the laurel ne'er fade, that o'er-shadows his tomb.  
 To the sad-solemn place, let no foe e'er draw near,  
 Or ill-natur'd critic profane by a sneer ;  
 Let Sorrow alone o'er the sacred spot tread,  
 And pluck up each weed that would grow o'er his head.

“ Who is † she, (said Apollo) that yonder appears,  
 “ At that humble distance, o'ercome by her fears ? ”  
 He bade her come forward, but as she drew nigh,  
 The tear of suspense forc'd its way from her eye.

Said

\* Mr. Pilon,    † Mrs. Ingham.

Said he, "What, will no one acknowledge this fair?

"Then *I'll Tell You What*, Virgins, I'll make her my care;

"She has wit, sense, and humour, you see, *Such Things Are*."

Then taking a wreath, which the Muses had wove,

With laurels and roses which deck their own grove,

With this chaplet he crown'd her, and joyfully cried,

"She's my favourite child, and shall sit by my side."

Such a multitude now were contending for fame,

'T wou'd fill an whole volume to mention each name;

Some with what they'd *translated*, or what they had wrote,

But I'm sure there appear'd not another of note:

So Apollo commanded the hill to be clear,

As he saw the gay Children of Thespis appear.

First MACKLIN, who stood at Apollo's right hand,

Was plac'd by the God at the head of the band;

Said he, "To dame Nature, you've paid due regard,

"And trod in the steps of my favourite bard.

" When *Shylock* his bond from *Antonio* demands,  
 " And the murderous knife eager grasps in his hands,  
 " No auditor then can his rancour behold,  
 " But life's sanguine tide, chill'd with horror, runs cold.  
 " Could Shakespeare himself from the silent tomb rise,  
 " He'd view your performance with joyful surprise ;  
 " And charm'd with your excellence, freely wou'd own,  
 " That MACKLIN in *Shylock* can ne'er be out-done.  
 " When *Macfycophant* teaches to get an estate,  
 " By *bowing* and fervilely flatt'ring the Great ;  
 " When he talks of religion and turns up his eyes,  
 " And puts on hypocrisy's specious disguise ;  
 " So well the vile heart is unfolded by you,  
 " And the base fawning fycophant held up to view ;  
 " The faultless performance the world must admire,  
 " But time calls you now from gay scenes to retire."

Now LEWIS, with air unembarrass'd and free,  
 With manner accomplish'd, and mien degagee,



Stept forward, and bow'd, so well bred and polite,  
That Apollo thus spoke, with a smile of delight:  
“ My son, I approve you, as long as you dwell  
“ With the laughing Thalia you're sure to excel.  
“ I should ne'er find a man, if I search'd thro' the nation,  
“ Can so well represent the polite man of fashion.  
“ What others must toil at, with ease you can do,  
“ Since they but assume, what is nature in you.  
“ But when you the tragical buskin assume,  
“ Your features, unus'd to Melpomene's gloom,  
“ Instead of *affecting*, but gives *men* the spleen,  
“ And *they* fear you will laugh in the midst of the scene.”

Next POPE: (says Apollo) “ Pray, friend, tell me why  
“ That womanish tear always stands in your eye?  
“ By Nature intended in buskin to shine,  
“ Then why with such whimpering mock her design?  
“ Your voice is harmonious, your form sure to please,  
“ Your action judicious, your attitudes ease.

“ Then

“ Then shake off this weakness, the hero appear,  
“ And blush, if your feeling's betray'd by a tear.  
“ But if Nature, oppress'd, needs will force it to start,  
“ Let the keen hand of woe wring the drop from your heart.”  
He promis'd obedience, and stepping aside,  
The next that approach'd was his amiable bride.\*

Meek, mild, unassuming, she modestly bow'd,  
And ask'd if to favour her claim was allow'd?  
“ Allow'd! (cried the God, starting up with surprise)  
“ Who doubts my child's merit, wants heart, ears, and eyes.  
“ E'en Thalia rejoices, when gayly she trips,  
“ And the smart repartee comes with grace from her lips;  
“ From her audience such gentle affections she draws,  
“ That their hearts join their hands in a burst of applause,  
“ And when in the vestments of woe she appears,  
“ Melpomene aids her, to guile them of tears;  
“ My daughter, retire, you have laurels in store,  
“ And when e'er you appear, you must still gather more.”

Next

\* Mrs. Pope.

Next WELLS, with a simple forc'd smile on her face,  
 Who mistakes affectation for humour and grace;  
 Said the God, " She had never much claim to my favour,  
 " And her folly has made me abjure her for ever."  
 Then angry commanded her hence to be hurl'd,  
 And declar'd she had praises enough in the *World*. \*

Now Thalia step'd forward, the crowd was all hush'd,  
 She hung down her head, drop'd a curtesy, and blush'd:  
 " Dread sov'reign (she cried) I fear, when I've told,  
 " That tho' I was known a bright virgin of old,  
 " I now have no longer a right to the name,  
 " But the title of mother must own to my shame,  
 " My sisters will load me with scorn and abuse;  
 " Then let frank confession thus plead my excuse.  
 " 'Twas Momus that woo'd me, my heart he assail'd,  
 " He laugh'd, jok'd, and flatter'd, swore, press'd, and prevail'd.  
 " When nine times chaste Dian her circle had run,  
 " By the Helicon fountain I brought forth a son:

F

" Twelve

\* Or Fashionable Advertiser.



“ Twelve months had not past e'er I brought him another,

“ My first-born is QUICK, jocund EDWIN's his brother.”

“ Your first (said Apollo) I greatly approve,

“ He merits our favour, and wins on our love :

“ His father's own features are stamp'd on his face,

“ And a son like your QUICK cannot be a disgrace.

“ Your EDWIN has merit, but then you must own,

“ That he thinks, since so mighty a favourite grown,

“ What freedoms he likes he may take with the town,

“ That e'en nonsense if utter'd by him will go down.

“ And, neglecting his author, so widely will stray,

“ I am often surpris'd that he don't lose his way.

“ Then his limbs he'll distort, and he'll screw up his face,

“ And for humour he'll constitute pun and grimace.

“ But EDWIN (he cried) you must mend this fault soon,

“ Tho' I honour true genius, I hate a buffoon.

“ Beware--And if ever you wish to excel,

“ Make Nature your copy, you'll always do well.”

Next

Next RYDER came forward, but as he drew near,  
 From the eye of each Muse drop'd humanity's tear ;  
 And Thalia declar'd she should ever deplore  
 Her favourite *Falstaff*, who now is no more.  
 Said Apollo " You've genius and merit, 'tis true,  
 " And the reason those merits appear not in view  
 " Is, because your first essay was made in a line,  
 " Where HENDERSON once did conspicuously shine :  
 " So when day's radiant orb from mankind hides his light,  
 " The glimm'ring fix'd stars scarce enliven the night :  
 " Yet tho' feeble their rays, they are better than none,  
 " Tho' we can't but regret the bright sun that is gone."

Next BRUNTON, sweet maid, who so easily caught  
 The lessons which Thespis and Nature has taught ;  
 Whose action, so chaste, so untainted by art,  
 Awakens the feelings, and speaks to the heart.  
 " Oh ! Shame, (said Apollo) Oh ! Shame on the Town,  
 " For neglecting this flower (he spoke with a frown.)

" This

“ This fair bud of genius, if rear’d by their hand,  
“ In the sun-shine of favour wou’d sweetly expand;  
“ But chill’d by neglect, it will shrink from the eye,  
“ Hide its sweets in the desert, and languishing die.  
“ But go, lovely girl, from the world hide your charms,  
“ Till the gay fickle Town wooe you back to their arms:  
“ There study the drama, with care read each page,  
“ And your genius shall gather fresh strength with your age;  
“ I will ever attend you, your studies direct,  
“ Improve ev’ry beauty, point out each defect;  
“ Then return with new vigour, the Town shall adore,  
“ And wonder they saw not your merits before.  
“ So Sol the damp mists which at morn hide his face,  
“ E’er noon will dispel by the strength of his rays,  
“ And tho’ rising in clouds, he will set in a blaze.”

Next PALMER step’d forth ; cried Apollo “ What fury  
“ Could tempt you to fly from the boards of old Drury?  
“ There Fame ever gladly appear’d to attend you,  
“ There I promis’d to patronize, guard, and defend you;

“ The



- “ The Muses complain you have cruelly left them,  
“ The town, you’ve of sensible pleasures bereft them.  
“ When furrounded by every blessing desir’d  
“ By all so applauded, carefs’d, and admir’d,  
“ Why, PALMER, why would you those honours forsake,  
“ A poor *Pantomimical Hero* to make?  
“ It was cruel, my son, ’twas ungrateful to leave them,  
“ One would think you had done it on purpose to grieve them.  
“ Many laurels you’ve won, but, alas! I presage,  
“ Tho’ they bloom’d in your youth, they will wither in age.”

With a person whose charms o’er each heart might prevail,  
Now forth from the crowd step’d the lovely TWEEDALE.  
Apollo discern’d, from her manner and air,  
She thought it was merit enough to be fair.

- “ Charming creature (he cried) it gives me much pain,  
“ To see one so lovely, so thoughtless, and vain :  
“ Your beauty might warm the cold bosom of age,  
“ But beauty alone will not do on the stage.

G

“ You

- " You must have animation, must feel what you speak,  
" Call a tear to your eye, or a blush to your cheek.  
" It is wrong, on the stage, when performing a part,  
" Like a school girl, to con o'er your lesson by heart.  
" The merely repeating a speech will not do ;  
" You must feel it yourself, and make others feel too.  
" A public performer must study to please,  
" And for public applause, must give up their own ease.  
" A task that's more difficult scarce can be known,  
" Than an actress to please the caprice of the town.  
" There is genius and judgement in acting requir'd,  
" Tho' many attempt it, how few are admir'd !  
" Unless of those requisites fully possesst,  
" To think to succeed in that line is a jest.  
" Like some gay transient meteor, that gleams thro' the sky,  
" They catch and attract for a moment the eye :  
" Like that, for a moment they scarcely remain,  
" But vanish and sink to oblivion again."

Next

Next KEMBLE, whose features express the heart's woe,  
 Whose soul-moving accents will make the tears flow,  
 Who knows with sweet pathos to breath a soft sigh,  
 While mild sensibility beams from her eye.  
 Apollo, with smiles, call'd her up to his throne,  
 And mark'd the fair dame for a child of his own.  
 He clad her in native simplicity's dress,  
 And taught her to tell a soft tale of distress ;  
 Banish'd vile affectation and strip'd her of art,  
 Then bade her, in *Yarico*, ravish each heart.  
 " But child (he continu'd) your HUSBAND \* is here,  
 " We'd advise him no more on the stage to appear.  
 " His manner's so awkward, his form so uncouth,  
 " His voice so discordant, to tell you the truth,  
 " Whene'er on the stage he pretends to advance,  
 " He reminds us of *Bears* when they're learning to dance."

Now HOLMAN stepped forward, as certain of favour,  
 From his *genius*, his *manner*, his *voice*, and *behaviour*.

Mr. Stephen Kemble.

The



The Deity smil'd, when he saw his assurance,  
 For he thinks self-conceit is beyond all endurance :  
 Said he " My good friend, I've no laurels in store,  
 " You've no medium ; you either must whisper or roar.  
 " Go back to your College and studies again,  
 " As an actor you only put people in pain :  
 " At your ranting and roaring, your audiences tremble,  
 " But you think it is charming to imitate Kemble, \*  
 " Whose sonorous voice does so terribly bellow  
 " The passionate ravings of jealous Othello.  
 " Like a loud clap of thunder, he makes them all fear him,  
 " Then dwindles away till they scarcely can hear him.  
 " Then you study each attitude, how you shall stand,  
 " You throw open your arms, and you point out your hand,  
 " Writhe about all your limbs, that they seem all disjointed,"  
 —He retired, much vex'd, but much more disappointed.

FARREN trip'd to the God, of his rage she disarm'd him,  
 So greatly her beauty and sprightliness charm'd him :

\* Mr. J. Kemble.

" Dear

" Dear creature (he cried) I am glad you are near me,  
 " Your softness shall sooth, and your liveliness cheer me.  
 " I know not, I swear, in what parts you are best,  
 " Whither gay sprightly dames, or sad damsels distressed,  
 " In the lively *Berinthia*, or weeping *Cecilia*,  
 " Or heart-broken *Euston*, or Lady *Emilia* :  
 " You perform so correctly, that Envy, offended,  
 " Declares she sees nought to be blam'd or amended".

Next BENSLEY stepp'd forward, proud, haughty and vain,  
 Stiff and formal he mov'd, and look'd round with disdain :  
 A dead hollow sound issu'd forth from his throat,  
 Like a voice from the tombs, or the ravens hoarse note.  
 He affected the air of a king, as he trod,  
 And his insolent carriage offended the God.  
 " And why this assurance, vain mortal ? (he cried)  
 " Why those looks of contempt ? Why thus puff'd up with pride ?  
 " Dost thou think, 'cause indued with theatrical pow'r,  
 " That all who behold you must kneel and adore ?

H

" Tho'

- “ Tho’ you think you such wonderful genius possess  
“ Above your competitors, few can have less :  
“ Your action so labour’d will always offend,  
“ And your voice even grates on the ears of a friend ;  
“ You fancy yourself void of ev’ry defect,  
“ But you’ve much yet to *learn* and much more to *correct* !”

With a countenance, plainly expressing his fears,  
Inoffensive and gentle, see DAVIS appears :  
Apollo observ’d that his terrors oppress’d him,  
Then rose with a smile, and thus kindly address’d him :  
“ Altho’ from the world no great praise you inherit,  
“ Some mark of our favour is due to your merit ;  
“ If an actor’s distress in his body or head,  
“ If he cannot perform, and the part must be read,  
“ You always are ready, you never refuse,  
“ But if they desire it, you’ll make an excuse.  
“ Whate’er you attempt you endeavour to please,  
“ And make up by good nature for action and ease ;

“ To



“ To this end you exert ev’ry function and pow’r,  
 “ And the ablest performer can sure do no more.”

Next HULL came, whose head by the white hand of age  
 Had been silver’d, and long was he known on the stage;  
 Apollo look’d pleas’d as the vet’ran drew near him,  
 For the Muses all lov’d and the Virtues rever’d him:  
 To crown him with bays, were the Muses commanded,  
 ’Twas a mark which his service and merit demanded.

And next sprightly MATTOCKS came tripping along,  
 She bore as her emblems, *Mask, Dagger, and Song*;  
 With so many talents did Nature endue her,  
 That all with surprisè and astonishment view her;  
 Apollo with rapture her genius commended,  
 Said, it rose to such heights, and so widely extended,  
 That in all she perform’d so conspicuous she shone,  
 She was equall’d by few, could be rivall’d by none.  
 In all she attempted was sure to excel,  
 From the lovelorn *Ophelia* to pert *Mademoiselle*.

So

So many approach'd and were justly rewarded,  
 As many as justly rebuk'd and discarded;  
 To tell what reception on each one attended,  
 Wou'd spin out my work that it ne'er wou'd be ended.

A FARREN *Pedantic*, whose air on the stage  
 Was too formal for youth, and improper for age,  
 Was reprov'd.--While a WROUGHTON fair Fame did enrol,  
 'Cause he spoke with such feeling and melted the soul.  
 With PARSONS, for *swearing*, the God was offended,  
 The AIKINS were greatly caress'd and commended;  
 Ancient PITT was for all her long service rewarded,  
 Nor was portly WEBB in the least disregarded.  
 JACK BANNISTER too had his full share of praise,  
 And was told that his fame wou'd encrease with his days;  
 Gay JORDAN was prais'd for her life and her spirit,  
 Miss POPE was rewarded for virtue and merit.

But now at a distance, a mask in her hand,  
 A gay sprightly damsel light trip'd o'er the land ;

Round

Round her temples were roses and myrtles entwin'd,  
 And her bright laughing eyes spoke the peace of her mind ;  
 Beside her, with step more majestic and slow,  
 With the weapons of death and the vestments of woe,  
 A woman whose features were form'd to explain,  
 What the pen wou'd attempt to discover in vain ;  
 Whose eyes can flash fury, or swim in a tear,  
 Speak horror and madness, revenge, or despair.  
 'Twas SIDDONS and ABINGTON, tho' at first view,  
 Apollo was greatly deceiv'd, it is true ;  
 He thought 'twas his sisters, Thalia the gay,  
 And Melpomene sad, who were coming that way.  
 When he found his mistake, to his bosom he press'd them,  
 Flac'd them both by his side, and thus kindly address'd them.  
 " My daughters ! How oft have I long'd for this day !  
 " When myself to the world can your merits display ;  
 " It is needless, I'll own, since whoe'er saw or heard you,  
 " Astonish'd, admir'd, esteem'd, and rever'd you,  
 " Tho' *Cibber* and *Pritchard*, alas ! are no more,  
 " Our tears are all dri'd, and our sorrows are o'er,  
 " Since the genius which warm'd them fled not with their breath,  
 " But gather'd fresh vigour, and triumph'd o'er death ;



" Swift fled their pale mansions, nor once did they rest,  
 " Tell they settled in SIDDONS' and ABINGTON's breast;  
 " There blaz'd with such glory, and shone with such fire,  
 " That tho' Fate ordains my dear girls must expire;  
 " The white Cherub Fame shall to catch them descend,  
 " And their names be immortal till Time knows an end."

The crowd now press'd on, with impetuous behaviour,  
 Tumultuously pleading for laurels and favour,  
 When Vanity bade me go on with the rest,  
 And whisper'd, my chance was as good as the best;  
 So I step'd to the God, with the modest demand  
 Of one single leaf which he held in his hand.  
 He seem'd much offended, and gave me a look,  
 To see it, the Muses themselves must have shook.  
 Thick clouds gather'd round him, the hollow winds howl'd,  
 The blue lightnings flash'd, and the hoarse thunder roll'd;  
 I fell prostrate before him, and fain wou'd have spoke,  
 But my fears were so great, that I trembling awoke.

F I N I S.